The Quiet Between Words
Prologue
by Roger E Bissell Jr

I have always been a quiet man.
Not silent. Not absent.
Just slow to speak.

People would tell me, “Speak up, boy,”
as if my voice had gotten lost on the way out.
All my life I also heard, “The squeaky wheel gets the grease.”
Maybe so. The loudest voices often get the most attention.
But I’ve watched long enough to wonder:
How many words are spoken just to fill the silence?
And how long before people grow tired of a squeaky wheel and simply replace it?

The best lesson I ever learned came in the military:
“Say what you mean, and mean what you say.”

Wisdom doesn’t need long speeches.
It needs clarity.
Thoughtfulness.
A pause.

So listen.
Watch those around you.
You will learn far more in quiet observation than noise could ever teach.

Before anger or impulse answers for you...
pause.
Think.
Let your heart slow down.

A rushed word or decision can tarnish a good soul.
Patience keeps it clean.

Please... look deeper.

“Quiet Means Listening”
and
“Slow Your Heart”

are more than songs.
They are quiet companions for the journey.

Quiet Means Listening

[Verse 1]
I used to sit in the back
Hands folded, eyes down low
They called it fading out
But I was taking it slow
I caught the cracks in the room
The words they left unsaid
I heard your heart on the floor
Before you even bled

[Pre-Chorus]
You thought I missed it
Thought I was gone
But I was right there
Reading along
Every small pause
Every shaky breath
I knew the truth
Before you said it

[Chorus]
Quiet means listening
(quiet means listening)
I hear what you don't sing
(what you don't sing)
Quiet means listening
(quiet means listening)
I know your hidden thing
I know your hidden thing

[Verse 2]
Now when the room gets loud
I let it roll by
I don't have to prove it
I don't have to rise
Some people fill every gap
Just to feel seen
I keep my stillness close
And it keeps me clean

[Pre-Chorus]
You thought I missed it
Thought I was gone
But I was right there
Reading along
Every small pause
Every shaky breath
I knew the truth
Before you said it

[Chorus]
Quiet means listening
(quiet means listening)
I hear what you don't sing
(what you don't sing)
Quiet means listening
(quiet means listening)
I know your hidden thing
I know your hidden thing

[Bridge]
So don't mistake my calm
For a vacant face
I learn the shape of pain
In a crowded place
If I don't cut you off
If I let you be
That doesn't mean I'm empty
It means you talk to me

[Final Chorus]
Quiet means listening
(quiet means listening)
I hear what you don't sing
(what you don't sing)
Quiet means listening
(quiet means listening)
I know your hidden thing
I know your hidden thing

[Outro]
Quiet means listening
And I've been listening

Slow Your Heart

[Verse 1]
You got that fire in your hands
Wanting to move too fast
But the hourglass still turns
And the sharpest edge can last
One wrong word, one slammed door
Can echo in your chest
Better sit with the moment
Let it tell you what is next

[Pre-Chorus]
Count to ten, then count again
Hear the quiet speak
Some old truth in a folded page
Waits beneath the heat

[Chorus]
Think about it, think about it
Let it breathe, let it be
Think about it, think about it
Like the ones who came before me
Slow your heart, slow your mind
Don't let anger write your name
Think about it, think about it
Then decide your way

[Verse 2]
Socrates in the dust
Aristotle on the road
Even kings with all their gold
Had to lighten up the load
Not every spark should be a flame
Not every road is clear
Sometimes wisdom wears a pause
And arrives without a cheer

[Pre-Chorus]
Count to ten, then count again
Hear the quiet speak
Some old truth in a folded page
Waits beneath the heat

[Chorus]
Think about it, think about it
Let it breathe, let it be
Think about it, think about it
Like the ones who came before me
Slow your heart, slow your mind
Don't let anger write your name
Think about it, think about it
Then decide your way

[Bridge]
If you rush, you miss the shape
If you wait, you see the frame
What feels huge in the first hard minute
May look smaller by dawn's name
So hold that answer in your palm
Don't throw it in the dark
There's a wiser step between
The wound and the mark

[Final Chorus]
Think about it, think about it
Let it breathe, let it be
Think about it, think about it
Like the ones who came before me
Slow your heart, slow your mind
Don't let anger write your name
Think about it, think about it
Then decide your way